

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistress quickly*? how drow thy husband?
I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house, they picke pockers.

Prin. what didst thou loose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou beleue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a seale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him my Lord, and I said, I heard your Grace say so: and my Lord he speakes most vnely of you, ~~that~~ a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox; and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst know it: I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say otherwise.

Hof. Say, what beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? shee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an vnjust man in saying so; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue tbhu.

Prin. Thou sayst true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most grosely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and said this other day,

You

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand poud *Hal*? a Million: thy Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, hee called you *Iacke*, and cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

Prin. If say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowst, as thou art but but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee, as I feare the Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himsele, is to be feared as thou thou thinke I feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay pray God my Girdlebreake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall ab But sarra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor bosome of thine: it is all filde vp with Guttes, Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket hore son impudent imboist rascall, if there were a pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorandums les, and one poe peniworth of Sugar-candi long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with an but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowest in the cencie, *Adam fell*: & what should poore *Iacke Fal* daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh the & therefore more frailty you confesse then you pi

Prin. It appeares so by the story.

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgieue thee: goe make ready thy Husband, looke to thy Seruants, cherish thy shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robber that answered?